Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 9

Dreaming of you Play with Me

I am so scared screaming of all peoples- Marcel’s name, but when I open my mouth nothing comes out over the top of the others ear-piercing calls out, and I wonder if you fall forever and ever, and never touch down, I am still falling? I think I will fall forever into this ring of fire. I even call out for my sis, yet she'll never hear me this far below her feet.

Of course- dreaming it is happening inside your head, when on earth, is not real, and why is it so when you’re dead?

Do not pity the dead like me, it's not worth it. Pity the living, and, all those who are alive without true love like I did. Pity the ones like me that did not see the true love right in front of her face. We're all human, aren't we? Every single human life is worth the same and worth saving even mine… right- don’t you think so?

#- Hashtag: (plummeting, mistakes and someone saves me)

Dreaming at night, you’re not in sight, -feeling a fright, it could be so right, playing with you play with me in

the night sun, it could be so much fun, like a loaded gun going off over and over until we would see the daylight sun, then we are on the run, staring down the barrel of the gun when we could be holding on feeling what was to come, breathing, and scramming, shooting to the ceiling like the built of that gun, wouldn't that be so much fun, under the twilight sun?

Chapter: 63

Envisaging

A sound litters' within my silence, as the SUV crunches into the

huge tree, a tiny nagging growing louder and louder until it is like a slice of metal slicing the air, slicing and sliding through me, it got all up in me, ripping me almost in half, right above my petite hips, I feel the warm blood bursting from in my heart and my insides falling out of the gashing wounds, it's like I looked down and could see my uterus, I touch it with my hand grabbing the one ovary that was rolling out of me. When the metal went up in me above my vagina or my lower waist, I could feel one… my fallopian tube just dinging down there. I was in

shock, my eyes bugged out, pulling my hand up to my face seeing that its cover in my thick red blood and Karly guts dripping down my arm.

-Then I wake up. Was it all a dream?

-Or am I dreaming while dead waking up?

I feel like Liv’s must of throughout the day, having her bastard child bled and dripped slowly out of her insides. How she slipped last night is beyond me like I would have nightmares of the fetus coming out of

my pink thing and saying- ‘Why did you not want me, mommy? Why would you kill me? Do you not love me? I loved you… it was love that made me. Or something really disturbing like that.’ I was going to ask about getting rid of it at lunch Monday, how she was feeling. As you know to be a normal girl, and Jenny pushing Liv, she had sex without the glove with Dilco, and had an oopsie, for being empty-headed about bad boys.

(Hum- Why am I the girl that is dying, I didn’t kill my first kid like Liv

just did. I've kissed a girl but never had a full-on girl on a girl as Maddie and Liv do. And I and Jenny are on two different levels, she's a bully, and I am not like her at all. If anything, I am a good girl in the group.)

~*~

I jolted out of my sleep or so I thought with tunneling sparking flashing light. For a second when I look around the room everything seems soft, unclear, and slightly distorted, I am in my bed naked like I am every day when I get up and hug my stuffed bunny for

the last time, as I snap on the lamp on my nightstand. I have to hide my bunny when the girls come over. Ray used to just throw him off the bed onto the floor.

That was not cool! I don’t think Marcel would mind my cuddly stuffed bunny, with the cute floppy ears. My alarm has been blaring and Beep-Beeping for five minutes. It's from seven-o to six am. I smash and rub my face in my soft pillow for the last time. I look around the room I am sweating. I wipe my forehead, saying wow, I have

had a dream that I’m falling- but never like this. ‘Damn that was a crazy dream!’ So- I start my morning retain- you know grabbing for what inside my Pringles can buy my bed before all hell comes busting through my door.

I sit up in bed slightly and I turn on my laptop, might as well live record what going to do on cam, why not. So, push the quilt away, I look down at my unclothed body with my toy in hand, and I see my toes wiggling with nail polish, and my almost smooth legs and everything in-between.

Thinking I just shaved and looked at all this stubble, growing here already… don’t you hate that, I sure do? It’s like all you can see and feel. Now I’m covered with sweat even though my room is frigid cold. My throat is dry, my heart is racing, and I’m desperate for a drink, yet I am almost there, my sighing is getting loud, I can feel it building up, I can stop it feeling so good and the tips are just rolling in for the boys that tune into my show.

The camera is right there, whoosh- and I feel on top of the world. Yet after I hit a low with having to start my day, running away from me away from who I am, I've just been running a long way. My floral sheets are stocked with everything rushing out, and so is my keyboard, yet the boys love it and love me for it, so that is good enough for me. Yet after I do that it's like I get an embarrassing feeling, I pull it out, then close the lid of my lap, to cover up fast. It's like I get a rush from it, and then the guilt comes after in my mind saying- 'That was the wrong missy, yet

I can’t stop. Jenny and my girls give me that same rush, always doing something that feels so good yet maybe wrong.

~*~

I remember the time on the school bus back before anyone could drive, Jenny bet me a dollar, to put my hand down her jeans to prove she wears thong undies. Saying that I am such a baby, for not knowing, that’s how that all started, she felt like she had to teach me everything. Anyways back then I was still where Mickey

Mouse Briefs and did even think about what was underneath. She beat me to feel that she was not a virgin, that she was all open and smooth, unlike me at the time. I didn't even shave my legs yet. So, I did, I went for it. The rush here was touching a girl inappropriately, with everyone looking, and hoping the driver didn't see.

I'll never forget Danny Hover looking over the site with Andrea Doeskin smelling, like little perv's, and Shy saying- 'Oh my God'- snickering at the fact, from the set accordingly. Yeah,

it’s that kind of rush I get, over and over being with them. Just like Jenny got Liv fixed up with Dilco, it’s all about the rush in the end. Jenny can be a hell of a lot of fun, and it’s that fun that keeps me coming back for more, the same way Liv and Maddie do, and other girls keep trying to be like us, it’s all about the craziness. I don’t know why but when I am with them- I want to be so naughty! I remember Marcel smacking my butt, just to be cute, every time he would see me in the hallways of a school. -Yeah, he’s weird, but I couldn’t stop thinking about him as I

was- well… doing me. Yet Ray’s photo was looking at me on my nightstand.

~*~

In my bed, I snap the bright light off when I hear my little sis coming down the hall, everyone goes back to being fuzzy, like I’m not looking at my room but only at a blurry photo of my room that was taken with a shaky hand incorrectly and nothing match up with the real thing. My sis went into the bathroom next door to tinkle, so I snapped on my nightlight, and then that light modifies everything, so it

looks somewhat ordinary again. If my sis sees my light on from the crack at the bottom of my door, she will come bursting in. I have learned to keep it as dark as I can when I hear her coming run down the hallway. I love her, yet I want my privacy.

All at once it comes back to me, like a hangover rush all my blood starts going back up into my head: the party, my sis getting laid, the argument with Ray, falling to Marcel, all the sex, all the drinking, and drugs, it’s all thumping hard in my brain, like my

covered button was a few moments ago, on cam. I am still lying here uncovered, with everything still out in the open.

‘Kellie!’ My door swings open, hammering the door handle against my wall, and sis comes bolting across my room, jumping in my bed, pacing over my textbooks notebooks, love notes, and pills of dirty tops and bottoms and discarded jeans, I panic thinking my Victoria’s Secret Heritage Pink nighty way over there on the floor, where I thought it off and left it the night

before. Yet it’s not like my sis has not seen me naked before… but is wired when this happens.

Something is not right, something seems very wrong and oggie; something skirts the edges of my memory, but then it is gone as my head pounds and sis is bouncing on my bed on top of me, throwing her arms and legs around my nude torso.

Saying- ‘So what are you going to show me today?’ I am thinking to myself- girl you already got it down, doing what you’re doing now, I don’t

need to teach you anything. Kellie- she is so hot… (Oh God not in that way, she's- my sis.) She is like a little furnace with her worth coming from her tiny body. It's not too long before her nighty rides up, and I can see it all in my face like she wants to be just like me, and then she starts asking her questions.

She curls tightly to me kissing me on the lips and cheeks, her body skin to skin to mine, she's kind of- like- a hyper puppy… you know- wet nose, big sad eyes, giving you lots of

unwanted wet kisses, and can’t sit in one place for too long.

Now she is pulling on my necklace, the one I am always wearing has my dad’s wedding ring hanging from it-a thin silver chain and the gold band hanging from it, a gift dad gives me- saying- ‘He loves me more than mom, that I am the love of his life.’ Yet sis tugs gently to get my full attention. I ask here- ‘Why are you not wearing your undies?’

And she baby- talks without missing a beat- ‘Be- because you don’t

at night so-o why should I's.' I knew not too long from now she would be running around the house stark-naked like always, saying it's because I sleep this way. I am sure mom will say I am a bad role model, but yet there are far worse things she has done, things that mom and dad never need to know about, things that I can even remember right now. If she wants to be in my bad nude, will- I guess that's okay…? She is just trying to be like me, and that's sweet. I have saved her butt many times when she has done bad things. I have been like a mom to her, ever since

she was born if I wanted to be or not. And she has been there for me when I was a nobody. Yeah, she's the best pain in the butt a girl can have.

'Mommy says you have to get up soon, her hand covering her eyes as she walks my room and sees both of us.' Her breath smells like toothpaste, as she kisses us good morning, and she stumbles over all the stuff lying on the floor and it's not until I push sis off me that I realize how badly I'm shaking. Mom, she has one of those green face masks sped up, which is some scary-

looking crap, pulls she has curlers in her hair. Yet that's not what's got me traumatized. 'It's Friday,' I say confused. I thought we were going to the rusty anchor today? Mom said- 'I thought you didn't like doing that Karly that you're too grown up to be with your mommy and Daddy and sissy… always- yes we are all going this upcoming weekend, glad to see you want to go.' I said- 'Oh- okay?' Mom- 'Karly are you feeling okay? Are you not your usual descent and moody self? Me- 'Yah I am a fine mom.'

I have no idea how I got home last night, or what I did or didn't do. It's like it never happened, yet I think it did… didn't it? Maybe I drink too much?

Mom said- 'Um-hum- come on you two bare cuddle bugs it's getting late.'

Then- I remember getting in the car, with the girls and the fighting it was all coming back to me, as I see my sis run into her room, leaving her nighty behind on my bed.

I knew that something looked different about her when I looked her over, I am starting to remember what Ray did to her last night. Yet she seems to be taking it so well- so strange. I have no idea what happened to Jenny or Maddie or Liv, and just thinking about it makes me awful sick, pissed, and yet so worried. I put my feet on the ground, first on my fuzzy shaggy throw rug, and then I step forward feeling the hard would under my feet.

The cold wood reminds me. When I was younger, I would lie on the

floor all summer wishing I have some friends to spend my time with. Back then my only friend was my sis and my horse, I’m curious to do the same thing now, and reflect a bit on what the heck is going on- and also on how things have changed, I know my sis will be another half hour getting ready. And with me, all I have to do is jump in my outfit laying there on the floor. My skin feels so cold yet, yet on the inside, I feel scorching.

Like- photos on Instagram, all these snapshots start scrolling, row

after row in my mind. Seeing bits and pieces of what went down last night. My, I- phone starts vibrating on top of my bed until it falls off the edge hitting me square in the face making me jump two feet in the air. I reach for it and slide my finger over the cracked screen. There’s a new text from Jenny. Oh, good she must be okay then… or maybe it’s a text saying one of the girls is not okay; I was so scared to look, yet I had to.

#- Hashtag: (sleeping quarters, clothing hoarders, and sisters with disorders.)

Chapter: 64

OCD much?

I read it and it is looking oddly former, yet I’m not one- hundred percent sure, I do receive and send out over six hundred texts a day, yet this almost seems like a copy of the same infect to one that I vaguely remember getting, what would be in my mind two days ago- ‘Don’t forget b*tches, it's love-o-grams day!’ Too- strange… this

should be Sunday… right? I wanted to text back and say- this already happened, yet before I got a new message started, another one from Jenny popped up on the screen waiting to be opened. I look at the date and it's the same too, I thought for sure my phone was broken, it has been dropped many times. Yet how could it be wrong? I have to be mistaken. Maybe the whole thing was a messed-up dream? I open it, and it's not the same, so I thought maybe I am not crazy? It said- 'B- there in 5 min.' I knew by the way it was written she was driving fast.

I unexpectedly feel like I’m plummeting underwater unable to swim to save myself, I don’t know what I did that was so wrong if I am repeating this all over. Did I do anything wrong? I look out the window and see Madilyn walking to school, and Jenny passing her up calling her a retard out her window, I get a new text with the same repeating date. It said- ‘I am going to start a rumor that I saw

Julie- fingering Maggie’s bushy hairy p*ssy today in the library during study hall.’ This terrifyingly creepy I

thought! I knew about this already, this is old news, which I assumed was true. Why is she telling me this? It's not like I can stop it from happening. I wonder if I should forward this to Maggie. However, if Jenny finds out I am going to be screwed.

Also, If I am recreating this day like I think I might be doing, maybe I should tell Liv not to abort her baby, yet is it my place too? Am I recreating that day? Is this happening to me? Why is it happening to me? Did I earn this? Was I given a new chance? It must

be…! So, I do the unthinkable and I forward the message, will she get it? I wonder what I've just done was meant to be altered. I feel sick doing this, for the fear of Jenny's revenge, yet something inside, a small voice was telling me to do it. I feel like I'm weightless, spinning around lying naked on my floor. Have you ever felt like you were re-watching yourself from space-making choices, that's what I feel like- I am doing now? I know I have to snap out of it and get dressed to impress at school, I know I sure can wear Marcel's T-shirt lying next to me

on the floor, or I would be laughed out of the building. I stand up unsure if I am going to fall to my knees.

Now I am standing, yet I feel so woozy and woosy. My belly cramps in knots, worse than when I am on my period. I stumble to the bathroom bumping into everything down the hallway, the bathroom is by my mom and dad's bedroom, I am holding my mouth. My legs trembling over what I have done, certainly, I'm going to throw up or shut myself, or both… I didn't even think about closing the door when

I got there or turn on the light… I barfed in the scarp can while side-saddling one leg on either of the toilets, as it runs coming out of me from both ends at the same time. I reached for the sink after I thought it was all over and brushed my teeth and then shower to wash off.

My shower is way too hot and there’s thick steam everywhere, fogging up the mirror, drops are budding upon the tiles. I hear voices in the hallway, but the water rushing down on me, and it feels wonderful, it’s

falling so hard on my head and body I can’t make them out, yet I'm sure if the mother says nasty things to me, dad. I stop the water flow overhead. I hear dad looking in at me saying: ‘Get out of the shower, and get going, your friend is out there waiting for you. I said- What? Oh my god, close the door dad, and don’t look at me. Yet he did not remember to close the door all the way.

I step out of the shower stall dripping wet, I blot the remainder off with a towel, and there is no time for makeup or doing my hair.

Jenny, early I thought… it has to be a miracle. I feel there is like an electric current running through my body, coming deep inside me when I look up and see my little sis looking up at me, saying- ‘Are you okay?’ Her fingers brushed against my lower back skin, as I was staring at her without expression on my face. My eyes widen in the phenomenon, yet I hide no idea why it was in such utter shock to me. She is always sneaking up on me. Yet you would think I saw a ghost by the look within my unconscious feeling eyes.

I look into my hand mirrors, pulling it off the countertop, and- I see that my irises are surrounded by a jade green- a glowing circle of light, let me know that I have made it… the powers at be are letting me have my do-overs. My eye was always green but never like this, they're so alluring now, almost like glowing the light of the other universe above, letting me know that I am echoing the final days of my life.

Me being me even though I am sick, I have a theory at how this works: that each time I have to do this over the

light in my eyes gets weaker, and if I use this up, and- I don’t make it right, I’ll surely fall into the pit below, never to be saved. Oh- so the dream of being in hell wasn’t a dream at all, it was real! That means, I only have seven attempts, or so that’s the philosophy. Do you think I’ll make it…?

I sure don’t!

It’s Jenny- my daddy’s let her in. I walk into my room undressed, holding my wet towel in my right hand. Jenny looked at me and said- ‘I see we are going for the earthy look today; god

you could have shaved a little.’ Jenny is lying bullied down on my bed, looking through my phone, with her legs up in the air, letting one fall and bounce on the Serta every once in a while. She looked up at me, she got that pissed-off look, eyebrows bent, I knew she saw I forwarded the message. I pay it off, acting like I was happy to see her, and in a way, I was, I would never want to see one of my girlfriends die- or be dead.

Oh, Jenny- She looks so typical, so acquainted with everyone, yet on the

inside is falling apart. Jenny is Bipolar and has Social Anxiety Disorder mixed with Bulimia, like every time she feels not wanted by a boy or feel overweight or something is not going her way, she has a hard time keeping her food down, she has even up-cucked on me and the girls at lunch, not meaning too. I am far from being a psychologist, yet those are my diagnosis, yet everyone just seems to ignore her faults. I know she saw the text because she ran down the hall to throw up, running my little butt over.

If she asks why- I'll just say- 'Butt dialing!'

Jenny walks back into my room; she flops bully fist on the bed. I asked uneasily with curiosity- 'So what transpired last night?'

She mopes for a second. 'Yeah, sorry about that. I couldn't call back. I didn't get off the home phone with Ken until, like four am. And because my mom is a b*tch she took my cell away last night before staying out too late on a school night.'

‘You did call me back; Jenny’- I knew it was happening for sure now? I rub my arm, I have goosebumps. ‘No, I just told you didn’t- that I couldn’t…’ ‘I- no- I meant- never mind.’ ‘You drink too much,’ said Jenny. ‘Ken, he was freaking out over the fact that some college boy named Josh asked me to go to a Taylor Swift concert in June, and I said yes. I told him it's not like we’re going to do anything. Yet he doesn’t believe me. I told him I would make it up to him. Ken is going to end it, I feel, he’s sick of me.’ I said- ‘Oh you poor thing…’ I knew what she had to do; all

girls understand that. She said- ‘I swear to you, Kar, guys are so needy. But if you follow these three things you can’t go wrong- *Feed ’em, Blow Em, and Ride’em*, and they're happy to keep you around, if not they’ll find some on that will do just that, like if you don’t.

I said- ‘I’ll remember that…’ Then I added- ‘Yeah and then where the sluts if we do, and a b*tch if we don’t.’ Jenny said- ‘You got that right baby girl.’ Jenny said, holding back for crying- ‘I only wanted to be loved, that’s why I do what I do for all these

boys.’ I thought to myself- I get yah. I nodded my head yes when she said that, but I did not comment, as I was slipping into my outfit at the foot of the bed.

She looks up at me with misty eyes. ‘Talking of boys- are you eager about tonight?’ ‘About what?’ I say acting like I don't know what is going to go down, or don’t even know what she’s talking about. I play dumb! Her words are all running past me, faster than how she drives, everything is distorted together. Jenny always talks like that

when she gets upset. Her words go into overdrive. I'm holding on to the bedpost, trying not to fall over, or on top of Jenny, I would love to sit down yet, Jenny is hogging up my single bed. She said- 'I think you should back up with Ray or do him already.' She throws me a condom from her purse.

I said- 'Who do you think would be my type then?' 'You, Marcel, some worm Bud Lite, and his Star Wars sheets. OMG that would be perfect and she giggles. 'How romantic,' she shouted. Though, I was thinking OMG

Jenny you’re always right. Like it would be so romantic, yet little did she know I felt that way, already… I never realized how much of a weirdo I am. I have fallen to a complete nerd, on the outside, I have completely changed, but on the inside, I am one too! We all try to be something we're not in high school, even Jenny has everyone fooled.

Nevertheless, the ones that seem the most put together are the ones that are falling apart the most. No one’s life is as good as it seems, and it’s even worse when you’re like Jull’s and

Madilyn that have us throwing crap in their faces. I stand here feeling like such an ass hole, not even hearing what Jenny is rambling on about, because it's nonsense, compared to what I have done in my thoughts.

-White teeth teens are out-

#- Hashtag: (unperfect girls, the charmed life, we want real love)

I go pee one last time, and Jenny flows me in the bathroom and sits on the edge of the tube looking at me as I go. Then after I got up, she went, I was thinking like we didn't need to do

this together, yet how Jenny is we have to do everything together. That is when my sis walks into my room and says- ‘I have to Ba-bath Karly, would I get my stuff Re-ready and help me take a bath?’ I try to close the door saying get mom to bath you, but she wedges her hand in at the last minute and pushes into the bathroom.

And Jenny said- ‘It’s okay we can bathe her.’ I was thinking to myself the girl is ten years old, and still needs someone to help her take a bath, wash her hair, and get her dressed. Yet mom

and dad want to keep her their baby girl. ‘You haven’t showered yet?’

She shakes her head. ‘Uha- ha.’ Jenny said- ‘Come on the hoop in here, as she pulls off her nighty. I just look at it like when did you become so motherly. She said- ‘What! Like I always want to have a sister, and do this.’ I said- Okay then, knock yourself out!’ Jenny- tee- he-e’s like it’s the greatest thing in the world. I have done this so many times, that I just don’t see the fun in it. I reach into the tub and turn off the water. I about that time is

when sis surprised me by saying- ‘Jeez sis you look like sh-crap. Then I said- ‘Thanks a lot!’ She must have thought she hurt my feelings because she grabbed me by the hand and jumped up and wrapped her wet body around me in a hug; as Jenny grabbed the big fluffy towels to dry her off the rest of the way. ‘Aw- that’s so cute,’ Jenny said.

I was starting to feel okay, and much less sick. I said- ‘Here honey step into these undies, and let’s get these jeans and blouses on you. I sit here on the toilet and side on her socks, as her

toes are wiggling. Jenny said- ‘Come on Kellie you need some makeup, just like your sis, she says. Jenny scans over our pale white faces saying, as I sit on the edge of my bed, I got it. ‘Your right Kellie your sis does look like crap today.’

‘I’ll do both of yin's makeup now. We can make five minutes or so for this.’ ‘Okay- I’m done girls- OMG! You two look like gorgeous twines.’ I was like um-hum. Thinking to myself, I got the same varied reaction last light. You know sometimes, Jenny can be so

sweet, she is not always cold and heartless! Jenny pulls out my cell phone from the middle of my bra, probably to text Maddie and Liv that we're going to be late for the first bell. She watches me for a second, packing Kellie's book bag and then turning away like she has something to type that is not for our eyes to see, Jenny always deletes her history, which is something I should do.

Jenny- 'Don't take this wrong way baby girl, but you're not smelling the best today, you smell like boy's balls!' I said- 'Really?' Stopping to

think- ‘Yeah you would know what that small like,’ I said. Kellie is giggling and says baby talk stuttering like always. - ‘Yeah, sh-she has Ba- BO every morning!’ She was so stinking cute saying that, like that, I couldn’t be mad at her. Kellie starts pulling on my clothes, my tank top, my skirt, as I look in the closet for my boots. Jenny runs back into my room, to find my Secret roll-on deodorant in my underwear drawer.

Surely throwing all of them on the floor to find it. She’s back, I roll it

on hastily. Jenny said- ‘You would have shaved your pits to… God.’ ‘I hope the boys don’t mind your lack of hygiene today.’ Sis- ‘let me have some of that…’ so like everything, I let her share my used deodorant. It makes her feel like a big girl. But in my mind, I’m like you’re already a woman after last night. Uncanny isn’t it!

#- Hashtag: (My stench, need a pinch, things that make us flinch)

Chapter: 65

Before Yesterday?

I hear from the sofa- ‘Wear a jacket, Karly!’ My mom thinks even when I’m dressed, I’m still half-naked.

So, out the door, I see sis get on the yellow bus. Waving at me like a moron out the window! And the cold feels like a b*tch slap to my face, yet it is a good way to wake up. I got into the SUV that was wrecked the night before. Thinking that this thing is like a coffin to me, yet I could say anything, or Jenny would think I have completely lost my mind.

So, we go down all the same roads, not stopping at any of the red or yellow lights or signs. When Liv gets into the car she leans forward and grabs my hot- chocolate, and the smell of her perfume is strawberry, it is a body spray she has been wearing devotedly ever senses she was twelve and her hips and boobs develop like the end of sixth grade, she buys like five bottles every time we go into Sally Beauty Supply.

I know that she has it on her, so I ask her for a squirt, even though I

am sick of it after all these years, and even though I don't want to smell like her, I ask for it anyway, I don't want to smell like balls! Even though it stopped being cool in seventh grade, to where kiddy stuff like she still does- I have to close my eyes, overwhelmed, and coffin as a puff of it surrounds me, or then what I asked for. Gross, I smell like a pre-teen after gym class now, just trying to cover it up.

Closing my eyes was a horrible idea. One- I get to feeling car sick. Two- I can see where Jenny is driving, and

the way it feels- it must be off the road. Three- I start to daydream about Marcel, plus heartsick over Ray still, even though I was done after what he did to me, I can stop having feelings for him, he was the first that took me from behind. Oh no, he was not my first love god no, I didn’t know what love was until I saw it in Marcel's eyes, but was it real? That is what I am afraid of- trusting my heart to a boy again. I could see all the flashes of sincere light within Marcel's home, I could see him holding as no boy has ever done with

me. I could almost feel the tingle of his kiss on my lips.

‘Holy freaking crap balls,’ said Jenny.

I snap my eyes open as Jenny swerves to avoid hitting a cuddly black cat, walking past. That is when I start to look out the window into the side mirror, and the glossy dark trees are flocking on either side of us like outlined ghosts in the navy-blue sky. I smell something hot. I said- ‘Yeah that’s just me.’ I hear Jenny shrieking not too long after I feel relaxed, and yet once

more, I feel my stomach go to the bottom of my feet and back up, as the SUV rolls to the one side, tires wailing- ‘It was a family of deer this time, trying not to get murdered. You should have seen their faces. It’s like mine every time I ride in this SUV.’ Once again, I feel like I have cheated depth, with Jenny at the wheel. The girls chortle as Jenny throws her coffee cup out the window, hitting the baby fawn, about the same time is when Jenny throws out her morning joint too, and the smell of pot smoke is bizarrely duple: I’m not

sure whether I’m smelling it or recalling the night before.

Maybe I’m just high on life, at the moment.

Liv- ‘Dear sweet baby Jesus I think you’re without a drought the worst driver on the planet!’ I said- ‘You think?’ Maddie sniggers. And Liv spit sprays some of my hot on the back of my headrest. Liv, she has become a real squirter she is always sparing one of us girls down, yet Maddie the most! I said- ‘I don’t want to die like this today!’ ‘Please- please be more alert, please,’ I

stammered, I’m clutching the sides of my seat without meaning to. Jenny said- ‘Kar, it’s all good. Hey- It’s not like I am going to crash, I have never even been in a car wreck yet.’

I said- ‘That’s amazing!’

I start to think as I close my eyes, trying so hard not to hold my breath. Like it’s so weird how life works, isn’t it? Like how I always wanted one thing, all my life, and I waited and waited for it but it never comes. And then it did happen last night, yet it was not what I hoped for

all, however, all you want to do is curl back up at that moment before things change. And see if he is the one for me or if I should fall back into the arm of Ray, after all, I am his girl. One thing I have resized from dying: Every person you have dependencies on, and every person you need to count on, will ultimately upset you. No matter how much they try not to, nothing in life is ever going to be perfect, so maybe you have to forgive and forget, or trust and move on?

In my deepening delusional thoughts, I ask myself these questions.

‘I just want to be normal, like everyone else that is popular.’

‘Karly are you sure that being like everyone else is making you a happy girl?’

Maddie- ‘Mail Box!’ (Smack, thump, thump.)

Jenny- ‘It’s okay, it was falling over anyway!’

I said- ‘Not really!’

‘Don’t worry.’ Jenny leans over and rubs my inner thigh. Honestly, I was wondering what she was reaching for when she did that.

‘I just want to be normal, like everyone else that is popular.’

‘Karly are you sure that being like everyone else is making you a happy girl?’

‘Mail Box!’ (Smack, thump, thump.)

Jenny- ‘It’s okay, it was falling over anyway!’

I said- ‘Not really!’

‘Don’t worry.’ Jenny leans over and rubs my inner thigh. Honestly, I was wondering what she was reaching for when she did that, I thought I felt her finger go up.

Jenny- ‘I won’t let my best friend die without knowing what it’s like having a boy give her first orgasm.’

Then I added- ‘All have it be just me and my lover, without everyone looking at us smacking hips.’

Jenny- ‘Giggles saying good luck with that.’

Maddie- ‘I get it your Cream shy!’

I said- ‘I would like to have some privacy squeezing it out. And not have someone next to me, like liking my nose or something gross like that. Like the last time I was doing it, I had some boy playing with it while looking at us.

Liv- ‘You’re so strange!’

Jenny- whoa, are you saying yet went all the way with Ray and didn't tell us?

'Crap- I did it, I slipped up.'

I said- 'No- this was with some other joker, at a party months ago, you don't know him.'

Jenny said- 'really?'

'I like- know everybody.'

Maddie- 'Oh maybe it was with a girl?' Liv- 'Maybe it was with a boy and a girl?'

'So,' Jenny said.

So- I lied and said- ‘Yes it was with Addison and Avery and a college boy named Connor.’ I freaked, saying that- ‘I was like, so love drunk and missed on roofies, that I took part in a three-girl one boy orgy at a party.’

Yes, I have kissed a girl and liked it. But I never did anything like this. (By far the worst lie I have ever made in my life. Yet I have been in some, not wanting to be, and it was only with one person. And no, I was not always with someone I loved either, it was just hook-up sex.)

Oh- and sad but true, but no a boy has never gotten me there and I have been with at least fifteen. The first time was the worst of them all as you know. But my freshman year I went through like five different boyfriends, I have boxes under my bed with memoirs from each, and after they got what they wanted they all dumped me, like a week later. The same thing happened in my sophomore year, I had two boyfriends that year and three random hookups, plus some experimenting with a girl. Junior more of the same, so much so that I stop thinking about it. I

even let the gym teacher give me because I didn’t care anymore. So, the number may be higher than fifteen.

I only have an orgasm doing it myself. Never with another person, mostly have I thought it’s because I am not relaxed to enjoy it. With these boys, it's always harried up, so I can brag about doing you. Ray doesn’t even last long enough to get me damp down there. However, I liked Ray for another reason. TMI- I know! I thought to myself: I never wanted this- I just wanted to fit in.

I wonder what it would be like with Marcel if I would let him inside me?

I don’t know why I didn't let him in last night, I’ve let every other boy in. I guess it was just those internal voices of the girls saying he's too creepy and unpopular. Jenny only thought I should hook up with him for a joke because he's still a virgin. Yet on the inside, I don’t find that funny, on the outside I have to smile and giggle at it as they do.

I’m desperate to spill my guts and tell her everything like I always do, to Jenny and the girls at that moment, to ask them what’s happening to me- just to see if they would believe me. Yet some little voices inside me said shut up Karly or you’ll blow it. And really, I can’t articulate any way to say I have lived past death- it just would not make any sense. Yet I ignored that voice, and blurted it out anyways- I had to test the limits. `We all got into a car mishap after a party that hadn't occurred, and I was impaled when this SUV hit a tree, and I think I may have passed away

yesterday. And like I saw hell, and then I got to live again when I woke up in my bed.'

Jenny said- 'Yeah baby girl they call that dreaming, and you 'all call me the dumb one.'

How can this day be happening all over again, and yet be so different from the first time around? It was puzzling my mind.

I thought that the girls were going to die over giggling at me, saying something that they find so stupid.

‘I thought I died tonight,’ I said knowing how incredible it sounded.

Liv said- ‘It’s a dream, Karly. You have dreams like this when you’re under the gun, and what something like a boy or sex, it’s just your nightmares playing tricks with you. You may just be stressed over falling in some of your classes at school.

I whispered kind of under my berth- ‘Oh- don’t remind me!’

Maddie- ‘She’s just sexually frustrated that all.’

Jenny- ‘It could be what you’re eating too, that you’re dreaming this stuff.’

Maddie must think I’m quiet because I’m worried about Ray and me what I have planned for the night. Like it at this point was no big secret that I was going to go all the way at some point, yet at this point in the day, they didn’t know that I was going to be at Marcel’s party.

Maddie wraps her arms around me from the back seat, and Liv holds my hand. Maddie is Saying- ‘Good sex

is just like learning to swim, or holding your breath what you know how to control your body, you get good at it.'

Maddie, kisses French kisses me on the lips, and slides my undies off to the one side, and starts fingering me… (I didn't want it, yet I was not going to stop it, it would be rude to ask her to stop.) At the same time, she was saying- 'You should become gay, it's easier that way to have them. Liv is looking over us jealous.

Saying- 'That's true, only girls know how to please another girl.'

Maddie utters- ‘See, I told you!’

I said- ‘I am still afraid.’

Maddie said- ‘Don’t fear, Karly. You’ll be fine, it will be fine, will always be there for you, and as far as having a big-O, you just have to be stress-free or in love. See you're relaxed with me, that's why it happened.’ ‘That’s right,’ said Jenny! Liv- snaffled and then nodding- yes, and petting my hand with hers, yet still envious, about what just happened, I can tell.

I try to force a smile and act like I am happy, yet really, I was

revolted. So much so that I can barely focus on what happened last night, all I could think about is what was going to happen tonight and what just happened. It seems like a long time ago that I got up from my bed, and even longer since I imagined being side-by-side with Ray next to me in that bed. It feels like it has been so long that I am not even sure if it has the naked body I want to be pressed upon mine. It feels too right to imagine Marcel next to me feeling his warm, soft hands rubbing over my skin.

Thinking about him makes me ache from the inside out, my heart thumps, and knees knock my throat threatening to close up just think about having it sliding down, and going up in me. I know how to feel it. I unexpectedly can't wait to see him, to feel all of him, to just be with him.

Yet, I still feel like I am cheating on Ray, feeling this way. And then again, as he did it with my sis and Justen and every other girl he could get with, why should I? Once a cheater always a cheater! I really can't wait to

see his sideways smile, and his messy hair, and even his dirty-looking jeans that he always wears that smell slightly like boy sweat, even after his mom washed them for him. Yeah, it's safe to say I am falling! I am so wishing I had his shirt on now, so I could inhale his boy-sh sent.

'It's like riding a horse,' Jenny modifies Maddie's rambling aloud thoughts. 'You'll be a blue-ribbon champion in no time, baby girl. Just ride his thingy unstill you win your reward at the end, it doesn't matter

how many times it takes him to reload, just as long as you get one. Even if he is done you keep going. Don’t stop until you want to stop! Own your man!’ ‘I always forget that you two used to ride horses,’ said Maddie.

Jenny- ‘And she was damn good at it too. But I have been riding longer.’

Liv giggles saying- ‘You can say that again.’

I said- ‘But I’m not like you, Jenny, I don’t know how to be controlling.’

Jenny- ‘Grow some lady nuts, and just do what I say, and you feel unstop of the world next time.’

I said- ‘Okay I will, I’ll keep going until it happens.’

The girl all cheered me on wott-ing in the SUV- fists pumping!

Liv has the sniffles, Maddie and Jenny have the giggles, and I am sitting here kind of moody going over my same old thoughts while blowing the steam off what’s left of my small hot chocolate. Which I might add is not more than one short gulping swallow.

~*~

‘I gave it up!’

I need a hooded-Lady-show for this one to get off and not stress so much, crap I'm going to freaking break out! I use the pink on it fast and I do it fast and right now that all I need, it has the gray ball on the end that jiggles it around just right, what can I say, I want it all now, and I'm going to do it and have them see it.

~*~

(Horses like boys…?)

I had to remind myself that I gave up riding before I started eighth grade. I said that because I knew the same tired Jokes were going to roll in soon, about me riding horse-ie's from the day I was like seven until then.' 'I don't think I could ride now to save my life.' Jenny said- 'It's just like riding a bike you never forget how too.'

'How would you know,' I asked?

Jenny said- 'I still ride from time to time, I just got second place in a jumping competition two weeks ago.'

I whispered- ‘O-oh.’ (On the inside- I was crushed, thinking it okay for you to ride but I can’t. My horse died not long after, I stopped riding her, thinking I didn’t love her anymore. I didn’t want to stop.) I think if she starts making fun of me now, I would bust out crying. And if I cry then I’ll be a BABY! Yet it okay for her to cry to us over stupid boys or her time of the month drama. I could never clear the truth to her: that riding was my favorite thing in this whole wide world. It wasn’t about winning with me, no- it was about having my freedom, my

happiness, and my relaxation. The way I could escape from all of them that put me down, back them. I loved it more than boys, more than friends, more than family even. I was the best I could be back then. I was strong then, now I am nothing but a week p*ssy that lets everyone crap on me.

I can’t believe that I wanted this life. I loved to be alone in the barn, or out on the fields particularly in the late summer when everything is crunchy and golden, and the plants show off all their wonderful different

colors, and it smells of hay, is what made my day complete, racing past all the trees, down the wooded trails, it was more than just jumping her at compassion. We had a bond- I loved brushing my horse down, braiding her main, and being her best friend, feeding her carrots sticks, I loved it all. I gave up my best friends for ones that I can’t always trust. Your horse’s always your trusting best friend. And if I am crying now it’s not that I am sad, it’s that I am happy.

I have to lie…!

I am nothing- nothing, but a complete liar, a wide-ranging slut, and a total baby!

#- hostage: (Galloping, Groping, Gulping)

Chapter: 66

Shadow People

I search for my sunglasses in my purse to cover my crying eyes. I just said it was to keep the glare out of my eyes when I put them on. I look in the visor mirror, and I see Liv smiling at me. Like I knew she was going to cry,

yet really, I wanted to see if my makeup was okay. I start to tune myself out. I don't hear the phones going off. I can't hear their laughter or chirpy voices. I can't see the houses rushing by or the cars, I just close my eyes and fade away in my daydreams.

Maybe I'll tell her that I wish I was the girl I used to be, but at the same time, I know that I won't dare. She would think I was crazy. They all would. Jenny might just say- 'Okay if you feel that way, you can go back to flowing me around like my shadow.

Go- go, be with all the losers or the sped, and don’t think about coming back.’ I don’t want that either. It gets quiet, and I open my eyes, and I keep quiet, just looking out the window, as it steams up and I have to keep wiping it with my palm.

The light outside is faint and soggy-looking like the sun is attempting to roll over the horizon of tree-covered hills and peeking into the valleys. The day is overcast like the sun is too lazy to get out of bed and wake itself up.

The shadows are as piercing and jagged as needles. Like the shadow, I used to be wanting to be in the group of three girls following them around in awe. I watch buzzard, black crows, vultures circling the SUV like I am dead meat. It was a scary omen taunting me, from down below. I see all of the fifty or more taking off at the same time from power lines above, following me like a creepy shadow of death.

‘Sometimes, I wish I was a bird. So, I can fly far. Far, far away

from here.' But not one like these… something more majestic. I could soar over all creation, maybe over a beach, flying higher, and higher until I could touch the clouds or what lies beyond. Seeing the ground drop away looking like puzzle pieces, or patchwork on afghan blanket flying so far away that nobody would know my name.

'It's too stuffy in here song, please,' Jenny says, and I shuffle through the iPod until I find her lady jam Iggy Azalea – Fancy, she has to sing just like her alone with the track

and wiggle butt to the beat in the set. Yet like I am getting tired of this song. Nevertheless, I keep my eyes open, because this is worth watching. I should video this and put it on YouTube or Facebook! Yet I have supersized that her theme song isn't Sisqo- Thong Song, maybe- I guess that is to the 1990s for her. After Jenny was done embarrassing herself, Maddie finds- The Ting Tings - That's Not My Name. We all can sing along to that one like morons. Yet we let Jenny take the I-phone, and we do the lines, Jenny does the nettles! That where I draw the line

and do that, yet not the other crap that freaks with your mind.

By the time we pull into the long covering driveway, that winds past the lower parking area just a row down from the faculty lot we hit Senior Lane. I’m feeling better, just thinking of what might happen today has got me in the A-Okay mood, even though Jenny’s cursing F- Baum’s and Maddie complaining that one later will have so many that they will withhold her diploma.

And she has- to go to summer school at her own expense. It’s Friday yet I can tell the kids give a crap about being here, I know that we will all have detention and it’s already two minutes after the first bell. Yet with Jenny, I know she’ll get us out of it, somehow. Even if her mom has to do favors, with the staff, or pay big money will get out of it.

Everything and everybody looks so ordinary, just like another Friday. The only thing that has

everyone hyped up about is that it is love-o-grams day.

I know that because it’s Friday, Shy will be coming from Kevin Peteai’s home, sure enough, I see them, ducking through the cars holding hands to go sit up on the wall to make out before the first period starts. They have a hard time being about, she wears his class ring like it’s something to be proved of… yet really, it’s not. I know he cheats on her like it happened last night. I saw him with a freshman, and they were going at it like bunnies. Oh

no, I am not going to say anything she dislikes me as it is.

I see Lizzy making her way up to the door with Johnny Kacatomes like they have been dating forever. When it has not been any more than three days. Nikkei and Jacky both have loser boyfriends, yet they think their asses are something else, most boys don't want to mess with that. Nikkei has pimples all over there face, and Jacky has nasty braces on her teeth and she drools and lisps when she talks. Boys don't like girls that have braces, you

can understand why. Yet he doesn't seem to mind, even though Scotty Smalls had to go to the ER with her attached. I bet he loves expanding that one to his mom and dad. You can see photos of it on Facebook! I am friends with everyone, I have over 3,000 FB-ers. I am sure we all are going to cut and run the fence. Yet I am not sure at what time we are going to do it.

I was looking at Jenny as she was pulling on my hair after I slapped her across the face. Telling me that I was so wrong yet I? Yet this is all one

big freaked out the dream, ‘I am not the one that is to blame, here am I?’ I am not relaxing at all at this point fearing that I have made some big mistake, Yes, I see my sis over there giggling like a little girl, and it is starting to piss me off.

Yet, she is still making out with Ray, and I am slicked by it. (It’s not a dream, which a small voice inside me screamed.) I looked at Kellie and she said this is what I want. Can you be happy for me, and leave us alone! I can do whatever the hell ever I want. ‘I can

kiss anyone, I what also! And you're not going to stop me, what do you say to that, go suck it. I see all the boys I could be with and I know what I have been missing out on. I could kiss everyone if I wanted to, and make them bend me over too. I see Ray standing over in the parking lot.

I was looking at Jenny as she was pulling on my hair after I slapped her across the face. Telling me that I was so wrong yet I? Yet this is all one big freaked out the dream, 'I am not the one that is to blame, here am I?' I

am not relaxing at all at this point fearing that I have made some big mistake, Yes, I see my sis over there giggling like a little girl, and it is starting to piss me off. Yet she is still making out with Ray, and I am slicked by it. (It’s not a dream, which a small voice inside me screamed.) I looked at Kellie and she said this is what I want. Can you be happy for me, and leave us alone! I can do whatever the hell ever I want. ‘I can kiss anyone I want also! And you’re not going to stop me, what do you say to that, go suck it. I see all the boys I could be with and I know

what I have been missing out on. I could kiss everyone if I wanted to, and make them bend me over too. I see Ray standing over in the parking lot. All it seems is tripping and marry-go-rounding.

I am blinded by the light I say out loud.

That is when she starts singing-

Revved up like a deuce Another runner in the night.

Blinded by the light. Revved up like a deuce Another runner in the night.

‘And I am like what?’

Chapter: 67

Titanium

In bed, it’s the start of yet another repotting day, I don’t have much to say, I just wish everyone would go away, come whatever, and what may, I just want to say- with Madilyn only, and never be lonely again.

Jenny, who’s tugging on my hand and tossing down on me as she is looking down impatiently beside me, with her hair falling on my face, that I’m an only dream (Yet it was not a dream all to me.) I wanted to say that I had this amazing dream, about a girl she dislikes, like I could feel her like I could see her like she was crazily coming through me have I lost my mind, she’s not here, or is she? It’s like I can even hear her giggle out of my mouth, and I start to relax. It’s all a dream; as I roll over knowing this girl is like side me, and inside my mind she is,

having missionary sex with me, I feel the thrusting she is doing it for me, I kiss the plow and I feel her lips and tongue going in my mouth, I feel my clitoris rub up and down on the soft plow beneath me until I come so hear I can even breath yet it’s her voices and birth coming out of me. I feel myself reaching for my dildo and yet I feel in it not me in my body complaining me to do this it is Madilyn I feel her on the inside, I slime it on the floor on my glass mirror and I feel like I am having sex with her even if it a boy-sh thing to do.

I feel my face tighten her then it does down there, I feel myself going up and down faster and faster, I can't breathe- it wonderful- I hear my name- yet it not me- saying it out of my mouth it is here, it's like the only she figured out how to be with me, yet I feel nuts saying this to Jenny, yet I feel I have to tell someone.

Then I just roll Jenny off me and show her what happens and she doesn't get I am on my backside and I am screaming my head off and I know that Madilyn is there yelling for me,

just to me, and being a butt about it. Jenny said nice retired impressions or Maggie.

Damn, do you always come to that herd? Looking at the glass and then Madilyn inside me makes me get down and licks it up. Umm- yummy! I hear ough- gross- what a freak, even I don’t do that! Its vibrating crossed the floor, yet all hard and pink. I wish it would have been the glass one at least my dad would have asked- if- I was jack hamming the hardwood floor. Jenny said what she said and my dad rolled

his eyes and walked out smiling, like girls- I don’t get it two beasts and were done.

Jenny opened the lining of my old band jacket and said I didn’t know you had four of them.

She takes one and it wiggles back and forth, I start gigging even though it was not me doing it, yet I had one in my hand too, so we just started jousting with them. And I flung out into the hallway where my sis said ‘I’ll keep this one for myself. I didn’t know you had all these.’ And I see my dad walk

up with one eyebrow up like what the hell! How did you get all these? ‘My silly like sis asked- ‘At the mail with a group of girlfriends your dumb crap we hid them with dolls in the same box.’ There I am spared by an eagle and my dad looking up at the black hole saying good god, that’s not right. I and the girls even took a photo just to see if the body got it.

Nevertheless, to most all they see is the cute doll inside and not what it hides behind. That is, when my dad walks into the room and looks in the

black jacket and pulls out the little pink bolt vibrate, I could have crap and pissed myself. My mom walks in the door and without missing a beat said- ‘That’s kinda-hot!’ My dad slapped himself on the forehead and said what happened to my little girl.

I am thinking of Madilyn dreaming about her constantly, she is on my mind day and night. Yet she is not the only one I see in my mind at this point that could be the one. Her giggling laugh, yet his sweet smile gets

me through. However, Rays can do this for me.

Nevertheless, is it all a dream? In this dream I am relaxed, yet I can’t see that far ahead of me. What do I want? I don’t know I feel as if I am deeming, nevertheless I know that this is not so. I can kiss anybody I want to, and as we walk past groups of guys or girls and I can check them off in my head, as I see all the lovely colors. I could kiss and freak everyone if I wanted to day in and day out.

I see Ray standing in the corner talking to Jenny and I think, and now Marcel talking to my sis and it's starting to piss me off, his mind b*tch! Or is he, hell I need to figure out what I want, or what I need. I could walk up to him right now and slap off his glasses right off his face. I know that I am tall enough to reach his face, yet I was hoping she would after I saw him smacking her ass as if it was mine. Would it make any differences? Do I care? Maybe? Why? Why is a question that has known the answer?

I have nothing to look at me, I know- I pull my pockets out and a nickel and a dime fall out. I am not okay with that at all, yet do I have a choice- like- I have a choice here, like my great grandmother in the past. She had to make them. They were not easy. It's all the same hex, only the names have changed. I don't know where the idea comes from, she had like I don't get the ones I am having either, I wonder if sometimes in this dream I am having if it is if I don't see her standing before me in stunning white. Then that voice said to me 'It's not a dream as I

see her descending to me. What does she have to say to me?

Should I be scared?' That is when they all came down after she said this…

'Why?'

'Why are you doing this to yourself?'

'What?'

I asked impatiently! 'Don't talk to me that way.' 'What way?' Did I just get angled b*tch-slapped? 'What the hell?' Do you talk to your mother with

that mouth, speaking of the places it has been? ‘Um-hello you did it- remember silly!’ oh yeah that’s right… maybe not. Why am I here then? Don’t do what I did, you feel nothing pain, and maybe it is not all on you. ‘I would have never kissed a girl where you did!’ Oh- yeah you did? I just got b*tch slapped again! I saw fifty shad of gay! And not the sucky movie.

I just want to watch the movie ‘Pitch Perfect,’ yet it was playing in my mind as she played it with my hand. Yet she likes it, her little hand doing it! I

can even small here though my breathing ever so deeply. She is all I ever want yet so far away, yet so close to me she is my body or so it seems to me as the dead girl, or am I dead?

Yesterday morning, I felt the same way, I saw Madilyn in the corner with her hand wrapped around a ray and it pisses me off so much you have no idea. I wanted her arm wrapped around my waist, not his, or even the other way around; I don’t know what I want at this point. She was smiling and giggling about something stupid that he

said like used to do with me, it makes me sick she is mine, I can stand it, him breathing on her and kissing her nick hell I thought she was gay.

I am the one that wants to be nuzzled up against her. He was bending down to kiss her, and I so wanted to kick him dead in the ass hole. Payback is a b*tch, is not! She looks up and sees me, yet does she care at this point or am I dreaming yet another dream, that’s even more freaked than the last. She was looking at me with goo-goo eyes, yet kissing him, or was he kissing

her? What is going on and what is going down. Then he takes my hand and drags him over to him, pushing other people out of the way, then makes both kiss him at the same freaking time- the same freaking time! What's wrong with an asshole!

Jenny was looking over our shoulder saying damn! Just what I always wanted a three-way with Ray and Madilyn in the hallway. I don't know what is turning me on anymore. I see getaway and get off, and that is what they both said they were turning

to do. And everyone in the hallway has that simple smile on their face, like- oh yeah.

I search for my sunglasses in my purse to cover my crying eyes. I just said it was to keep the glare out of my eyes when I put them on. I look in the visor mirror, and I see Liv smiling at me. Like I knew she was going to cry, yet really, I wanted to see if my makeup was okay. I start to tune myself out. I don’t hear the phones going off. I can’t hear their laughter or chirpy voices. I can’t see the houses rushing by or the

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I'll tell her that I wish I was the girl I used to be, but at the same time, I know that I won't dare. She would think I was crazy. They all would. Jenny might just say- 'Okay if you feel that way, you can go back to flowing me around like my shadow. Go- to be with all the losers or the speed, and don't think about coming back.' I don't want that either. It gets quiet, and I open my eyes, and I keep quiet, just looking out

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Song, maybe- I guess that is to the 1990s for her. After Jenny was done embarrassing herself, Maddie finds- The Ting

Tings – 'That's Not My Name.' We all can sing along to that one like morons. Yet we let Jenny take them Liv, and we do the harmonies. I know how to play that on my pink fender gaiter it sits in the corner of my room that is trashed.

By the time we pull into the long covering driveway, that winds past the lower parking area just a row down

from the faculty lot we hit Senior Lane. I'm feeling better, just thinking of what might happen today has got me in an A-Okay mood, even though Jenny's cursing F-Baum's and Maddie complaining that one more late will have so many that they will withhold her diploma. And she has to go to summer school at her own expense. It's Friday yet I can tell the kids give a crap about being here, I know that we will all have detention and it's already two minutes after the first bell. Yet with Jenny, I know she'll get us out of it, somehow. Even if her mom has to do

favors, with the staff, or pay big money will get out of it.

Everything and everybody's look is so un-ordinary to me now, it's just like another Friday, I get freaked by her and miss her, and then I hook up and feel bad- about leaving her at home when it could have been on a hot ass date. The only thing that had everyone hyped up yet not me about this day going over was the stupid love-o-grams. I could give a freak! I know that because it's Friday and the fourteenth, I feel for the ones that don't have

anyone. I have someone who all feels like she is coming down on me, like designing in and reiterating out just Like an angel in the night, feeling everything about you to see if you're okay. Hell, you should see them sometimes at the game they have a love-hate relationship, sucking face one minute sucking someone else ass the next.

Shy will be coming from form her house to Kevin Peteai's home, I don't have a car, yet I'll get to ride with on if I ride them for it, sure enough-

sure enough- I see them driving past in their crappy car at some point, as I duck through the cars trying not to get hit and maybe secretary holding hands with Madilyn to go sit up on the wall to make out before the first period starts.

They have a hard time being about, she wore his class ring like it's something to be proved of… yet really, it's not. I know he cheats on her like it happened last night. I saw him with a freshman, and they were going at it like bunnies. Oh no, I am not going to say anything she dislikes me as it is.

I see Lizzy making her way up to the door with Johnny Katnessachi like they have been dating forever. You can see by the way they're making out like just freaking have the baby in the hallway. When it has not been any more than three days.

Nikkei and Jacky both have loser boyfriends, yet they think their asses are something else, most boys don’t want to mess with that. Nikkie Gattia has pimples all over her face, and Jacky Valgeil has nasty braces on her teeth and she drools all over, yet

she still kisses some of the loser boys, yet there was this nasty time when, us girls got her hooked up that she got her braces a cough in boys forsaken, and I was like it happened to the best of us, and lips were shaken as talking not realizing I was the still thing about Ray.

Boys don’t like girls that have braces, you can understand why. Yet he doesn’t seem to mind, even though Scotty Smalls had to go to the ER with her attached. I bet he loves expanding that one to his mom and dad. You can see photos of it on Facebook! I am

friends with everyone, I have over 3,000 FB-ers. I am sure we all are going to cut and run the fence. I see another girl named Ellody Lays, snagging her tank strap on a part of the face that was cut open, to get out, yet she is using it to get in on time. She's not going to make it.

I see Madilyn giving me- a big thumbs up, from over a crossed the way. I can see that she is wearing the same pair of dirty rose pink flats she's had for a zillion years because she wears them every single day, even

though there are so many holes in them you can see what color socks she’s wearing, and they're usually mismatched; one stripped and one polka-dotted. The same can be said for her skirt, it's got many rips and is what I would call filthy, I can see her baby blue thong panties as she walks by looking at the tear. Knowing that I give those to her so the girls would lay off picking at her; like her mom only by her stuff from Goodwill when she has the money too. I watch her go rushing by, with her books pressed up against her boobs, knowing that the tank top

she is wearing went out for style more than five years ago. Nonetheless, she is heading for the main structure, content in who she is, I wish I had her confidence. Madilyn is just Madilyn… She is one girl that I secretly look up to. Yeah, it’s safe to say she is my girl crush, yet nobody needs to know.

Like underneath all the ratty clothing, and regardless of what everyone says about her, she is one hot, sensual, and totally cute girl, in my mind. She is so much to hang with, we have so much that we like about one

another the list could go on forever. Even though I have girlfriends that are so- popular we are not always together, really all they want to do is party and hook up and that gets old fast with me. Madilyn is just different…

Every time we are done doing it, (I say- I love you my awesome nard-Madi-lyn)

(Shush!)

I look at her like- Do you see me here with my one finger up to my lips, hitting the tip of my nose? You're my dirty little secret. You and I, we

have to keep this undercover. I was thinking as she winks at me with those big bright eyes, and then she walks in the door.

Jenny- ‘Looks at me saying- ‘What that freak was that all about.’

I said- ‘I think she was just picking a wedgie.’

The girls were like- ‘Oh? Ooo-okay?’

Jenny said- ‘Oh that’s good, a butt picker scratch and sniffer!’

I just roll my eyes, like- you- poor girl, you can't win no matter how hard you try.

~*~

Seeing all these things- like the kids, the school, the way everything looks to me, makes me feel a million times better, and I start thinking maybe all of yesterday- everything that occurred, everything that I thought happened- was just some kind of stretched crazy drawing out a peculiar dream. Like maybe the girls were right like maybe it never happened like I

thought it did. And yet that small voice inside me was saying: it wasn't a dream, just look into your eyes to see the light, to be reminded. Seeing is believing yet at this point, I don't know if what- I have seen is believable. I even question- if I am dreaming now, or if I am living this out.

Jenny travels down the senior lane like it's a race track doing forty or more, even though there's zilch of a chance of finding a parking spot up here. Stop and start in jolts, to see if you see one to ram into. It's a religious

conviction for her to do so, and if there is nothing here, we go for a teacher spot. And if we don't find something their Jenny will go for their grass or even a handicap. Jenny even banged Mr. Mentally so she would get detention for parking in his spot or so she claimed she did. The guy is like sixty- I didn't think he had it in-um at all. Yet Jenny said she was on top and did all the work. That's a visual I didn't need.

My stomach feels like I have a little swimmer inside it. When we

passed that one spot from the stadium about three cars in, and I saw the orange Chevy truck next to us, with all the damages, that I saw- in what I thought was a dream.

I didn't know if I should- just cry or scream- run or hide.

Before I could blink…

Jenny said- 'Sucking crap, I could have thrown my coffee at Madilyn today when I passed her before getting you, Kar.' I said- 'Oh well crap happens. Hum- I wonder what happened here?'

Jenny said- ‘The dumb ho must have sideswiped someone.’

I said- ‘I think it was the other way around.’

Jenny- ‘Oh you’re an expert on truck damage?’

I whipped- ‘No.’

Liv- I want to be a Bella.

You sing about as good as blondie- what was her name?

Liv- Avery-

Maddie- No Aubrey-

Karly- I have the DVD now I want the star nickels.

The second one sucked old man balls.

Liv said I think the redhead is sexy! She has blue eyes I never- ever seen combination before.

~*~

Maddie- I want the girl in my pants, I think she is so lovely, I love everything about her, I would love to spend some time with her! And start to sing ‘Laid’ by James so loudly that

everyone could hear me scream out that high note like I do when I do get laid. I even feel I have the same vibrato as she does. Yet I never get the time of day she is too freaking moody and mysterious for my liking.

#- Hashtag: (High-notes, troublemakers, and all lady singers)

I love to sing yet nobody knows or thinks I can… Just like the girl from that movie, it is not even on the album for its full initiatory. I have even added my lyrics just because I can relate.

Chapter: 68

Shout it out!

You shout it out (Titanium) You shout it out, but I can't hear a word you say I'm talking loudly, with nothing to say I'm criticized but all your bullets ricochet; you shoot me down, but I get up. I'm bulletproof, nothing to lose, fire away, fire away… Ricochet, you take your aim. Fire away, fire away… You shoot me down but I won't fall- I am titanium!

You shoot me down but I won't fall… I am titanium stone-heart, broken-heart, shattered-heart- I am the

thinks I am smart, slammed down, pushed around, by someone like you smashing my heart and hitting the ground- broken glass, as you pass- do you hear that sound it is of nobody around, cutting glass, the blood spilled- yet I am still titanium. My heart ripped out and I shouted I am titanium! They call out the all can hear us now; they stare and I pout… I glare- I hear she'll never going to be titanium. Cut me down, I still don't make a sound I am titanium! I run…Cut me down, it goes around but titanium!

Facedown… But it's you who'll have further to fall, Haunted love, and Ghost town. Yet I want to fall for someone that is Titanium- a Ghost town, and haunted love Soft voice, soft look. All the sticks and stones may have broken my bones. They were talking loudly and not saying much, I was afraid and could not say… Now is the day, went through all the dismay. But I have nothing to lose Fire away and have it all ricochet, take your aim… Fire away, you shoot me down but I won't fall- I am titanium. You can try to shoot me down… But I never fall

I am titanium…

I am titanium…

I am titanium…

You shout me out, but I can't hear a word you say. Yet okay I not doing much

I'm traumatized but all your bullets don’t all bounce away. You shoot me down, but I’m not always getting back up. I'm not bulletproof, I had everything to lose

Fire away, another day… They don’t all Ricochet, you take me away,

say what you want to say, fire away. You take me down, without any sound… Other than that, titanium… Fall to the ground, yet I am still titanium. Cut me down… But it's you who'll have further to fall… Ghost town and haunted love… Raise your voice, sticks and stones may break my bones, I'm talking loud not saying much. I'm bulletproof, nothing to lose, Fire away, fire away, Ricochet, you take your aim… Fire away, fire away. You shoot me down but I won't fall- I am titanium…

You shoot me down but I won't fall…

Get out- drop out missed out by the one that shouts- my name it’s not the same, It all the same, to them- they can all go down with the flames, picture frames, shattered farms, not all the same, you’re the one in them to blame, playing your game, feeling my sham- look what’s left of me that remains- all the tears, all the fears, and the one the heart with suspicious ears.

Cut me down…

I am titanium…

I am bulletproof, you have something to choose, I am titanium.

You'll bruise, I'll be amused when you all lose, I am the one that is Titanium.

You now find mine… Will I find something to call all mine?

This is the time it might- be if I fight… What is the time when you're in rewind?

Your mine, you'll be the one that is fine; When you're all mine

So, kind- Like Titanium… You never be the girl that is… Titanium… (I ominously said to myself.)

#- Hashtag: (YouTube cover) Sia

~*~

I reason- with my head: She got that last spot because, we’re so late today, or so I do believe it would have happened again, and I would be squashing my ripped-up nails into my palms like before. Duplicating what I did before to myself, once again I say in my mind, I only dreamed this the last

time because if it would have taken place, I wouldn’t have any nails left after biting them off. None of this has happened before, so maybe it was all a dream. And then I heard that eerie voice inside saying: You’re not dreaming.

‘Feeling all the holes inside of me’

Chapter: 69

Haunted Love

Would you remember me like this…?

I feel I can do whatever I want when the freak I want to screw the world and death at this point. I can kiss anybody I want to boy or girl, I am so going to hell I feel, and don't even care, I know my grandmother would not like that one, yet I never met her anyways so freak off, b*tch. I am going to get b*tch-slapped so hard I just know it.

That is when I see her Nevaeh demanding down to me in what I thought was another dumb butt dream of me repeating one day of my freaked young life, or maybe I just blacked out

a little after sing so freaking high, I feel I have been out of it for a while- dazed and confused. She said- ‘She had a girlfriend like me and to love her and not think about what could happen if I would go the other way. I had the scent of lilies surrounding me- or so it seemed. She said if you love that boy then be true to him- and stop playing the lonely heart game.’ I just said- Well I shut everybody out. Don't take it, person. It's just easier. And I loved the way Brittany Snow finally took control of how she wanted to be... I know that I have been hard on everyone here.

Nevaeh- Yes for being you- yet… be you!

Why do I say freak the world Lizzy doll is the only girlfriend I feel is my real friend in this world she'll go to the grave with me and know the hurt and pain I have gone through? She has red hair that is all kinds of crazy and goes every which way spring-like, she has green eyes, that are big and goggle-a-ley, Lizzy doll has a sweet wavy smile that brightens my day even, even when her arm goes every which way, what can I say, if I want to cry my

eyes out or out or shout. I know someday I have passed. I'm not bleeding out anymore, and that is just fine by me, you can do anything to motivate it.

She is all I need, other than that one that I need to find, that is sweet and kind, so hard to find, yet she plays with-in my mind… or do- I like to want him instead. In my dream, I am falling forever through the darkness. Falling, falling, falling. Is it still falling if it has no end? Yet I am holding her along with my doll. Her teeth are so

white they’re glowing. Everything about her is awesome, just look at her with my eyes. She was all I ever really need yet she is in a girl’s body, why can’t she be a boy and look like that and act like that why are most boy fagots. Sorry if that insults someone yet you can shove a two-by-four up your butt and feel it splinter if it fits, and I am sure I can make it do just that, stop being a p*ssy- yet look who’s talking here. (Freak you all!!!) I have lived this day for attesting fourteen days now like holy piss just moves on already.

Her teeth are so white they're glowing she has blue eyes that are shining also so wistful. 'Miss. Edanella gives out essay assignments today. I can't spell sometimes I think I am dyslexic?'

'So, What?' Godsend me here to piss the hole would off- I'm so confused it takes me a second to grasp she's talking about English class, (Blah blah- blah- ba- blah- I make that move with my eyes, she looks and I said either wake-up or get out and I say- Freak you in the ass here my d*ick!) I

shrug my shoulders upward-moving my head to the one side and give a side was a grin that is misgiven, throwing both hands up and outward, blinking my eyes rapidly.

Anna Camp- ‘I knew it! I knew she had one!’ Yeah, suck it, b*tch! You have a freaked-up clit! Teacher- Leave and by the way you expelled, ‘Don’t feel bad teach- all retired try sharpening their pencil in their bum hole!’ ‘GET OUT OF MY CLASSROOM NOW!’ (I flip the bird and hip my chest doing the Nirvana piece out.)

Yet Anna gets nothing like always as she can even sing a note, I've heard that off-sounding crap in the core room, like I know I can blow that away too. Like I can blow all the minds. 'The essay assignments suck I rip it up into confetti and throw it backward as I walk out the door. And I run to the bathroom and break down all over again- I can take any more of this- for real. 'I missed a period; it is only fourteen days late or so I think it could be eighty-eight for all I know.' Olivia-Liv runs out of the room, not giving a crap about her work, and she finds me

sitting in the corner of the bathroom holding my doll that I had hidden in my handbag. She nudges me and Lizzy doll and says hey you okay- I didn't know you still had that thing called her name Matilda?

What?

Know- sorry she looks like that one in that movie, our eyes meet me and then look away, saying 'you'll be an okay baby girl.' That is when she sees Jenny walking out of the sped stall talk about her 'One hell of smelly poop.' 'God that crap would make you cry.'

She is waving her hand back and forth. Damn Liv said- walking in yet I must have tuned it out.

You’re a psychosexual I said, what? I feel stupid and contagious, you know what- Oh well, whatever, never mind. I ran out of the bathroom. Lizzie doll is clasped tightly to me in my arms. As we walk past groups of guys one girl, I check them off in my head- Marshall Adams, Suzanne Kendrick, and Robert King/ Andrews- he has two sets of parents- I didn’t want to kiss any of the boys I wanted to right now I am

contented, or am I? Or do I want to feel Marcel all up inside me, feel all that loneliness and tightness. I want to feel all that too yet I don’t want to leave Madalynn for I feel safe, in her body too, for she is just like me on the inside.

I even heard Suzanne Kendrick say, ‘I am going to shove Jack Paterson head downwards and make him suck of Steffen Myer for freaking some other girl last night, and stealing my typewriter that was my papa's It’s an 1888 corona it’s all copper and crap, it sat in his study underneath Tomas

Andrews painting.’ What even more freaked out Robert King/ Andrews said isn’t that insect…? ‘Like- you freaked your fourteen-year-old-cuz…?’ ‘Yah main I did!’ In the ass hole… I looked up… tears running down- with that holy freak balls look on my face- and I ran- I ran so far away! I couldn’t talk to all the boys I wanted to for they all were laughing at me, or Lizzy and herring me talking to myself, how to explain a girl is inside you, and you’re starting to feel sexily confused.

I lean forward to tell Jenny this- and then she said you're not dreaming this, yet, I am not sure what you mean. Was yesterday and all the day before a dream too? I see my sis standing in a corner with her arm around Ray's waist. She's amused and he's leaning down to nuzzle her lips. She looks up at that moment and sees me watching them. I walk past crying and Ray asks and thinks it's over him.

I ran so far away that I was in the elementary side of the school, where Ray loves to find his little sluts.

Yet I would have never guessed that my little sis was the one and only girl on his knock-off list. I see them in the corner talking to one another and I think to myself… and about the time I do, I find that I am waking up in my bed naked all over again. Kissing the pillows and dry humping them too- ‘Good- what happened to me?’

It's like I am being kissed and can look into her eyes, and it wouldn’t make a difference if it was not my hand my mom saw my finger as she walked past my open bedroom door. However,

how do I explain that I hear voices inside my head of my dream lover, she likes- ‘Why don’t you just use one of those that may vibrate you and get it over with!’ ‘I just rolled my eyes saying get out Good!’ When- how- who and what- when did I get back in bed, is it a new day; or the same day all over again?

I don’t know where the idea comes from, of me even doing this with the door open I mean really- I would never kiss and make out with my bed pillow, yet it doesn’t feel like a dream

and yet I feel so dream as this is happening with my eyes closed. She is there- but I could if I wanted to so she could see me all naked and such, I know she is looking through my eyes just like focused cameras on my lady parts, she has the equipment and the skills to pull this off on her PC- it's creepy- nonetheless kind of adorable all at the same time- at the same damn time.

Somewhere- I’m lying stretched out under a warm blanket on a big bed surrounded by, my hands

folded down around my boobs, sleeping in her arms, yet it's only my pillow or is it… so, I feel it next to me, ever so nude also. Speaking of boobs, they were being squeezed not by me yet with my hands hard and pushed together, like never before in a toe-curling orgasm and they all wiggle individually.

‘I am on the other end of this… doing all this all of that- it’s all I ever wanted to her, I felt her come twenty times over and over, getting stronger, faster and harder- loving every stimulating moment, her movements,

her legs spread open as far as they will go, her back arching upwards, her feet pushing forward- ah- her breathing- her coming nonstop- like me… the sexy voice she has it was coming out of my mouth. She said- 'YES- finally I can do this with you is what I heard her say! Where both naked! In each other's arms! All I have to do is put my thumbs together and kiss them going up and down ever so nicely and slowly for this program I am using feel just like I am going down on her, just like I can feel her vagina to it like she is having sex me her being on top, pushing back

towards the headboard- feeling her eyes rolling up- she did it through mine.’

So- adorable! She always was to me.

Who am I? I think you know- right?

I can’t say for- well- I may get sued…?

Stay with me: she said- not wanting me to get out of bed- stay with the thoughts of her running through my head, stay home instead, I feel at this

point someday we will be wed. So, the song lyric I just wrote for her readers and I said.

The feel of being self-assured is- forever and never letting go!

(Stay with me)

~*~

My day just splits again, and I am at the table sitting with the girls, Jenny is hearing me say all this… I am saying at lunch to all of them not leaving out one gross detail- and Jenny said- ‘Damn I have loaded in my undies

right now just leasing to this crap.' Liv and Maddie are kissing like to ribbed-hot- b*tch dogs in heat over it, so yeah it's hot. I said- 'I am coming – OH-hh-Aaa- UM-mmm-COME-meeting!!!' So loud that I know that the rooms in the apartments could hear me, one even said back to my god- yet Miss Wilddickersion is eighty-eight I know who you are… a girl over there, rolled my eyes feeling so award.'

I am so going to hell for this- I said out loud. Do you ever look back over the crap you say, and say what the

freak was I thinking? I just had the thought of this crap I am saying. Jenny said- nope not really- my dad hears me coming all the time so- like last night he said- ‘Stop it! You’re going to go throw your bedroom floor girl, and it’s four in the morning!

‘Yet I hear their freaking headboard hitting my wall- but- but that’s okay?’ I said about to have the old b*tch over in the next apart room there getting off too- ‘We all do’ -said Maddie and Olivia. Have you ever had the cops come, over that crap? Jenny

said- ‘Well- freak know- Maybe…? I’ve done an officer here at the school, said Jenny proudly, so the whole cafeteria could hear her. Hey- Jenny- no one cares to hear about you being a slutty ho,’ Said- Marcel, yelling it at a table or two away. Maddie- ‘So was it that good?’ ‘It’s good under the hood.’ Said Maddie, I said the same thing too, in a different way, I said- ‘If you know what you’re doing down there.’ Jenny- ‘I- am- the- one that showed you-you b*tch, and your sis too.’

It’s all good! I say! Not sure if I am going to keep my nasty pizza down at this point really, I don’t want to have thoughts played around in my mind freaking and fingering my brain. I put my feet up all girly and per-die on the table, and he sits accused from me to check me out so why not give him what he wants, and I don’t give a crap if I am in a skirt, I spread them out sloughing like a dude, and Marcel turns bright red, I want him to see that, I was not wearing annoying underneath I know that someone took a picture of my p*ssy and all of his freaked up face- yep

jaw-dropping moments, good thing I shaved it!

The teaching that was looking over us freaking fainted at the sight of my va-jay-jay, is that a good thing? Oliva was saying please don't fart- please don't fart- she had the set on the other side of me, yet she was all pressed up to Maddie, so I knew he could see all of this- YOU-NO! I said- 'Dude shut up! You're freaking me over, and I put my one hand down between my legs, and start to play with myself, caressing it all around,

sometimes up and down or in a little circular pattern, making lots of sounds. I even put my long fingers down inside and feel all the wetness and wroth, and I hear voices coming out of me, so he could see the come on my fingers unstop of my dark purple nail polish, and I come right in front of everyone, but it was only for him to see.' Jenny- 'do I see a d*ick; you need one to freak that p*ssy? I said- 'Nah- dude that's just my heart throbbing clit, and I get written up by another old b*tch teach, that must have a hairy one, or

something like that- she has always been up against my ass hole.'

'Sometimes you are as blunt as the butt end of a fork, freaking strapping you in the one boob!' said- Oliva. I see Marcel in the lunch line making a cute almost kiss-ie face at me, and I rankle up my nose and turn my head off to the right side and shake it in a short fast yet deliberate quiver.

I walk up to where more than friends and at this point I hug him and the cafeteria gaps, he kisses me in front of everyone, and I look up before

walking and saying with flirty eyes- (You’re such a weirdo!) Then he slaps my ass- and I could have died- or so they all thought by the look on my face, I love it on the inside it made me tinge. And then Marcel walks up and asks me to be his date at his party tonight- I was shocked crap-less, on my face, yet I was like I wanted it- and I said- ‘Hell’s yes.’ The girls giggle, but not Jenny she looks at him like she could rip his d*ick and make him suck it. Maybe she even said that I am not sure I was lovesick for him.

I AM LOVE SICK!!!

#- Hashtag: (Eating out, screaming it out, shout it out, and making out, coming out)